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THE TWO ARROWS;

OR

FRANK AND CHARLEY.



NEW-HAVEN—S. BABCOCK.

Sidney's Press.

1830.

CHILDREN'S BOOK
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A LITTLE BOY ON THE POINT OF DROWNING.

NEW SERIES—SECOND EDITION—BOOK 23.

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LITTLE GIRLS AT TABLE.



FRANK AND CHARLEY.

A certain gentleman had two little sons, whom we will call Francis and Charles. These little boys were very fond of shooting at marks with bows and arrows, but one day Francis having by chance hurt Charles with his arrow, whilst they were playing in the green before the house, their father came out to them, and advised them to break their bows, and play no more in this manner. These little boys feared God, and though they loved their bows very much, they obeyed their father in one moment, by which they pleased him so much, that he told them he would take them a long and pleasant walk, as a reward for their obedience ; it was a fine day in the end of winter, and the two little boys enjoyed themselves very much.

It was the custom of the good father of these children when he walked out with them, to talk to them about holy things, and he had so pleasant a manner of treating these subjects, that the children were never so happy, as when they were hearkening to their father; and this day the subject which he chose to speak of was, the wickedness of man's nature, and the change which takes place in him, when he is born again and receives a new heart.

"I have often told you, my children," he said, "how man's nature became sinful by the disobedience of the first man; and I have represented to you, the total corruption, and utter deadness to all that is good, which reigns in our hearts, before they are converted to God."

"We do not know what you mean by deadness, father," said one of the little boys.

"What I mean by deadness," re-



A LITTLE BOY RUNNING TO HIS MOTHER.

turned the father, "is this, that a man or woman, or child, who has not received a new heart, is as unable to turn to any real goodness and holiness, as a dead man to get up and walk, and eat and drink; a dead corpse may indeed be moved from place to place, but still he is dead, and still he is going fast to corruption. And in like manner, a man whose heart is unchanged, or a wicked child, may be hindered from committing one sin or another sin, but still there is no spiritual life in him, and he is tending as surely to everlasting misery and eternal death, as the dead corpse is tending to dissolution." And now," added the father, "what are those sticks in your hands."

"They are our arrows, father," said the little boys, "we broke our bows, and we have taken the weights out of the heads of our arrows, and we thought you would not be angry at our carrying these little sticks."

AN ELEPHANT AND A TIGER.



“Let me look at them,” said the father, and he took them in his hand, and then returned them to the children.

“They are willow sticks,” said Francis, “and are quite dead and dry.”

“They seem to be dead,” replied the father, “and good for nothing,” and he directed his two little sons to lay them on the earth, in a retired place, near a brook by which they were walking; so his little boys did as they were required to do, and the father and his children walked on.

About three months after this, when the winter was gone, and every hedge and tall tree were clothed with leaves and blossoms, and every field was covered with fresh grass and springing corn; the father and his sons took another pleasant walk, and coming to the brook, the little boys remembered their sticks, and asked their father if they might see if they



A MAN WHETTING HIS SCYTHE.

were where they had left them, "though I dare say," added Francis, "that they are all rotten and fallen to pieces by this time."

"Perhaps not," said the father, "for the time has been too short even for the driest stick to go to dust, but you may look for them, and let me know the state in which you find them." So the little boys began to grope among the willow bushes which grew by the brook, till they had found the exact spot where they had laid their arrows, and when they had found it, they cried, "Oh father, father, here are our sticks just where we left them, and one is green and fresh, and covered with a new rind, smooth and shining, and it has put forth leaves and little buds; but the other is dry and bare, and will soon fall to pieces. Come, father, come and see."

The kind father came, and he looked at the two arrows, and one was



A FIG.

indeed become a blooming little tree, whilst the other was fast tending to decay; and these were the remarks which he made as he stood looking upon them—

“My little boys,” he said, “here is the finger of God, and here in this book of nature he makes known the mysteries of his providence; these little branches, both of which appeared at one time dead and past hope, are holy emblems of the two sorts of men: the dead branch is the type of the unregenerated man, him in whom there is no spiritual life, whose heart has remained unchanged, who has been left in his natural corruption—for such nothing is prepared but inevitable destruction. Whilst the living branch is the type of the true Christian, of him who has received a new nature and a clean heart; and in whom dwelleth the root of immortal life.



A LITTLE GIRL RUN OVER BY A CART.

“No difference appeared in these little sticks, when you laid them down in this place, and so for a while there often seems to be an exact similitude between the children of God, and the children of the evil one. Both of these arrows were bare and without root or branch, and appeared to be cast away; and in like manner, those little children who have received a new nature, sometimes appear to be parted from Christ, and without hope from the strength of sin. But there is life in them, and they are again restored to holiness, they bud and blossom afresh, and “spring up as among the grass, as willows by the water brooks.” Whilst the wicked “are cast out of their graves like an abominable branch.”



PLAYING AT MARBLES

THE BEAR.

This clumsy bear can dance and skip
As well as gloom and scowl ;
And when he feels his master's whip
He'll shake his frame and growl.

This is a very solitary animal, residing far from the haunts of man, in caverns or the hollow of a decayed tree, where he spends the winter. There are three kinds, the white, the brown, and the black, and the difference of color may be owing to the climate where they are found. When taken young, they may be taught many tricks, and are often exhibited in our streets.

A BEAK.





A BULL.



A FIG.